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More Shams still:

OR A
FURTHER DISCOVERY
OF THE

D E S I G N S

OF THE

P A P I S T S,

To impose upon the Nation the Belcif
of their feigned

P R O T E S T A N T

OR

P r e s b y t e r i a n P l o t.

By T H O M A S D A N G E R F E I L D.

L O N D O N,

Printed for *Richard Baldwin.*

M D C L X X X I.



TO THE
 Right Honourable
Sir John More, Kt.
 Lord Mayor of the City of LONDON.

My Lord,

HAD I given those Opportunities for men of ill Converse, and worse Insinuations to have drawn me aside, as others have done, to accuse the Innocent, perhaps I had had no Occasion to give your L^{or}ship this Trouble: But because the Enemies of the King, the Kingdom and the Protestant Religion, observe my Resolutions fixt and constant to serve all three, to the utmost of my Power and Capacity; therefore, rather than they will leave Plotting, they have placed their little Sham Plots upon me too. However they go on in the old Popish Track of endeavouring to render Scurrilous and Scandalous, the Person against whom they raise their Batteries; Among the rest I find myself most terribly assail'd by two of these Enginees of Defamation; by the one in a publick Pamphlet; by the other in a written, but very malicious Letter, cunningly distributed about the Town to several of the most Eminent Persons of this City.

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Which being done, without the least Proof of the Charges therein contained, I cannot but look upon it, as an intended Assassination of his Majesties most Royal Grace and Mercy towards me. This, my Lord, is that which enforces me thus to appear in my own Vindication, lest the World should think those Reproaches confirm'd by my Silence, and consequently those Royal Favours ill bestow'd, as being unworthily forfeited. This it is that emboldens me to make this Address to your Lordship, to shew that I am not affraid of Contradiction before so worthy and so great a Magistrate: Whose Zeal for the Protestant Religion is so well known, that you disdain the Plotters of its Destruction: Whose Charity, Generosity, and Candor are such, that you will not lend a forward Ear to Scandal and Reproach: and whose Justice is such, that should I be found imposing Falshood upon your High Dignity, as you would be the first to Condemn me to deserved Punishment, so you will be as ready to uphold and vindicate the Innocent. And it is under the Protection of being so, that I here presume to subscribe my self

My Lord,

Your Lordships most Humble
and most Faithful Servant

Tho. Dangerfeild.

More SHAMS still &c.

THE best and most pious men that ever were in the World, could not avoid the Scandals and Reproaches of venomous and malicious Tongues: Even the very Saints and Apostles were not free. Nor could our Blessed Lord and Saviour *Jesus Christ* so well behave himself in his unspotted Life, but that the Wicked had their Scorns and Scoffs ready at hand to blur and defame his Immaculate Conversation: Men as impious as *Satan* found out Accusations and false Oaths to betray his Innocency, and either through the Credulity or the Obduracy of his Judges t^r condemn and put him to Death. If then those devout and holy Persons, if *Jesus* the Saviour of the World, could not be safe, though it were in an Age when the Crafts and Devises of Hell were not so well known, or at least s^d well practised among men as now they are, how can poor miserable Creatures not only laden with Original Sin, but more obnoxious, once perhaps for Crimes particularly committed than the rest of their fellow Creatures, and the Transgressions of Human Precepts, propose Immunity to themselves, more especially when the most refin'd Villanies and Perjuries abound that ever were heard of, such as neither the Memory of Man or History can Parrallel, by swearing, forswearing, counter swearing, and all this made a Trade by Men-Swearers, and Women-Swearers, *that live by the price of Blood, who if they can but fasten a moments Privacy upon a man, never leave till they have sworn him out of his Life* ? Now is it in the power of Man to Divine when this their thirst of Blood will be quenched, while they still under various Pretences endeavour to worry the people of God, and to annihilate the Immaculate True Religion of Christ, set on to the End, that what the *Jesuits* began, but
 B. could

could not accomplish by Clandestine Contrivance, they should finish by the accursed, but most seemingly plausible Procedure of that Caitiff *Jezebel*. For always the *Jesuits* were of opinion that the best Expedient to introduce *Papery*, and that Hellish Sting in the Tail of it, that Destruction of Mankind, called *Arbitrary Power*, was to inflame the Nation by false Alarums, and impious Insinuations of *Sham-Plots*, and Contrivances laid up on the *Protestants*, to whip and spur on Prosecutions against the Innocent, hoping thereby to provoke them into *Mutiny* and *Rebellion*, that so there might be a Colour to call in a Forreign Power, the more easily to accomplish their Destruction.

Another sort of Men (so call'd) there are, who encourage, abett, and uphold those Instruments of Satan, and their inferior Tools, who are of such a malicious and venomous Tincture in themselves, that the least appearance of Morality or Virtue, or the least Inclination to Penitence or Reformation in another, so cuts them to the heart, that if he be not a Profelire of their own, that is a Convert to, their wicked Designs, he must be presently pursued at the heels with a sort of Cur-like Observations, on purpose to forestal him in the good Opinion of Men, and to render him Odious for well doing; as if Reformation and the Imbracing of a Christian course of Life in him were Wickedness and Impiety, or that his former miscarriages were never to be blotted out. A piece of Charity which would never be owned by any but a *Papist*, that Abhorrer of all Mercy, from whom the *Protestants* are never to expect any favour: So that it is no wonder I should be so Viperously bitten by one that either professes or upholds, a Sham Politick, called Religion, that bears such an Antipathy to Charity, that would shut *Heaven Gates*, and not suffer the *God of Mercy* himself to forgive any but such as they should approve of. I have observed, though perhaps not so well read as my Persecutor, that the great Creator, whom Man offends Millions of times more than Man can offend Man, declares himself
that

that he is willing to receive a Sinner at what time soever he repenteth; and that there is no one Attribute in which he more glorifies himself than in that one Attribute of his Mercy. I have also observ'd from the words of our Saviour, what great rejoycing there is in Heaven at the recovery of one lost Sheep. But the Custom alters with the Place; for certainly never was there such Madnes, Fury, Cursing, Swearing, Drunkning, Whoreing, Backbiting, Rayling Fretting, Fuming, Grinning and Gurning, at the retrieving of one Penitent Sinner, as I have observ'd in my self. All which makes me apt to beleive, that that same Person of Quality (so reported to be) who wrote those celebrated Observations, called, *Observations upon a late Libel, called a Letter from a Person of Quality, to his Friend, concerning the Kings Declaration, &c.* was rather led by the Custom upon Earth, than instructed by Heaven; for besides that the work does not seem to be any way inspir'd by reason of its insipidness, it has this Paragraph, for I shall give it no other Title, till I have Dissected it.

It is said Dangerfeild was a Rogue, granted, and yet as I hear, this Rogue was brought into both houses just before the Debate, to whip them up into the Bill of Exclusion, but now they tell a very strange thing, which is, that Dangerfeild is become truly honest. It is much, and in my Opinion, it is a lower kind of Transubstantiation to beleive Dangerfeild is honest, when nothing is visible but the Knave. That this man should be made honest would be a mighty Cure, and such a one as some of his Doctors would be loath to work upon themselves. In the meantime I cannot but put them in mind that it looketh a little Popish, not only to give a general Indulgence to such a known Sinner, but immediately to make a Saint of him. If the gathered Churches can do such Miracles, it is well, but if they should endeavour to put false ones upon the World, it might disparage their Prudence, and lessen their Reputation; of which I am so tender, that in kindness to them I give them this Warning of it.

It is said Dangerfeild was a Rogue, granted. With Mr.

Person of Qualities leave, it is not granted, I was no Rogue, nor was it laid so by any but Mr. *Person of Qualities* Gang. For before that time he talks of, I had received mine and his Sovereigns gracious Absolution for my past Transgressions: So that it is apparent, this Paragraph was jostl'd in by head and shoulders by the *Observer*, to call me *Rogue*, that he might cast an aspersion on both Houses of Parliament then sitting: For saith he, *And yet this Rogue was brought into both Houses to whip them up into the Bill of Exclusion.* The Paraphrase of which runs thus, *Dangerfield*, then no *Rogue*, though unpardon'd, when he was brought up to kiss the D. of Y's, hand &c. *to whip up the Sham Plot*, afterwards became a *Rogue* by discovering of the Secret: and being brought into both houses to declare the Truth of the business, to the end they might be able to justify such high and national Proceedings against the Party accused, he was still the same *Rogue*; from whence that it must be gathered from his words, either the Parliament had *Rogues* brought before them to spur them up to look after the *Kingdoms Safety*; or otherwise, that the Grand Counsel of *England*, and the Noblest in the World, suffered themselves to be Dog whipped by a *Rogue* into an ill Act: Which is the most scandalous Imputation that ever any *Person of Quality* could have invented where withal to defile his own Nest. Now was it less injurious to the honour of his Majesty to vilify that Pardon, which was therefore given me, to the end I might be qualified to appear before those great Assemblies; the very business for which I am by the *Observer* call'd *Rogue*? This is the *Quondam C. J. S.* with the Image of his dear Mrs. *Celliers* before him all over— The unlucky fate of your high flown *Observers* now a days to be still against Parliaments, and consequently against the Rights and Liberties of their Native Country. But, saith he, *This Rogue was brought into both Houses just before the Debate.*

And thus the *Observer* is not only contented to scandalize both Houses, but more irreverently to asperse them
with

with an Untruth : For the disguised *Person of Quality* must of necessity in this beleive me, in regard the Journals of the House will otherwise correct him; wherein he will find that I had not been at the House of Commons Bar, not in twelve days at least before the Bill of Exclusion passed, save once, which was to acquaint the House concerning the defect of his Majesties Pardon to me; so that the words, *just before the Debate to whip them up*, must needs be looked upon either as an Excursion, or Deviation, or what ye please to call it, from the Truth, or else a most *Malitious* Supposition.

As to the Imputation upon the House of Lords, true it is, that I attended several days in expectation of being called in, to inform that, as I had done the other House, how far the D. of T. had been privy to the Designs of Mrs. *Celiars*, but had for a considerable time failed of admittance, and understanding that the Bill was just ready to be brought up, I was very importunate to give my Information before the Bill came; and accordingly made my Application to a *Noble Peer* upon whose Motion, as I humbly conceive, I was called in, where I related the whole Truth to the best of my knowledge. Now was I a little glad of having the opportunity to deliver my self just before the coming of the *Bill*; as beleiving that nothing could more concern the Preservation of the True Religion and Establish'd Government, the Safety of his Majesties Life (whom God preserve) the ancient and just Rights, and Liberties of the Nation, than the *Bill of Exclusion* did: and besides I thought it no small honour to my self, that it was in my poor Capacity, having Truth and Justice on my side, to contribute to the warmth of debate about the passing of a *Bill* in the Lords House, which the *Commons* had passed with so much Vigor and Resolution but just before. Now for doing this, which I have reason to think, was one of the best Actions I ever undertook in my Life, here comes an *Observer*, with a far'd Paragraph, and calls me *Rogue*, and *Parliament Spurrer*. And yet, if he be the Author, who is so reported to be, of those *Observations*, he was formerly of another mind, what e-

ver Collyrium has cleared the eyes of his Judgment: For I well remember that a little before the meeting of the last Parliament which conven'd at *Westminster*, I met with a Person of *Quality*, in a certain place, at which time amongst other discourses, I took the liberty to give him the Epitome of those Hellish Designs wherein the *Papists* had engaged me; which being done, his *Lordship* did me the honour to make this Reply *Verbatim* as follows. *I am so well satisfied that there hath been and still is, a most Hellish Plot of the Papists against the Kings Life, our Religion and Government, and to enslave us to a Foreign Power; and I find such Demonstration attending all the Discoveries thereof, that for my part I am satisfied there is none but Fools or Knaves, and those must be in it too, that at this time of day doubt the truth of a Popish Plot. Nay he that hath but honour and honesty enough to be concern'd for the safety of his own private Affairs, cannot but acknowledg himself most highly indebted to the Discoverers, for what he now enjoys; and for my part my Concern for the Protestant Interest is such, that I desire all men, when ever I am found in the Disbelief of a Popish Plot, or any ways acting in the least matter or thing whatever, contrary to the Interest, Safety, and well Being, of what I said to you before, (meaning as I suppose the Kings Majesty, the Protestant Religion, and Government) to slight, and deem me the worst and basest of Men.*

And yet I have a strong jealousy concluding from rational grounds, that this is the very Person that at this time of day, so confounds the *Popish Plot*, so vilifies the *Protestants* with Shams and fictitious Contrivances. I am credibly informed, he is the only Person whose Zeal and great Concern for the prosecuting and detecting of *Popish Traytors and Treasons*, hath now transformed it self into the shape and real belief of a *Presbyterian Plot*; but pray *Heavens* he be not the only person that can be found to be in that *Presbyterian Plot*, when a *Parliament* comes to look into the bottom of it; and its well if he have not made use of my name for a Colour only, that he might the more freely lay out upon the *Parliament*, for addressing against him. This is the *Person of Quality* that so be-

Rogues

Rogues me about whipping the two houses into the Bill of Exclusion.

A Town-top Metaphor that no way agrees with the before mentioned Expressions, the Dignity of the Assembly, nor my business at that time. Yet for all this, notwithstanding so great a change of Opinion, and such an unfortunate Desire to *all Mankind*, of which I may be looked upon as a Morfel; *I have a greater deference for Persons of Dignity*, than to condemn him from his own Lips, as he has setenc'd me for acting according to my Duty.

But now they tell a strange Thing. Why what is that? Do the Beasts in *Epping Forest* begin to speak *Arabick*? Or has the *Thames* flowed over the Traytors heads upon *London Bridge*? No, none of these *whipping Miracles* neither. What then? *Why Dangerfeild is become truly honest.* Truly I have heard of far greater Miracles than this, among the *Observers Friends the Papists*, *I have heard of several Hypocritical Luberly Fryers* that have scraped acquaintance with the *Virgin Mary in Heaven*: Others that have been Sainted. Shall it be no wonder for a Company of Lecherous Dominicans to be the *Virgin Mary's* only Favourites in *Heaven*, and is it such a Wonder that I should become *truly honest*? But I find the Temper of this *Paragrapher*: He is so Spotless, so clear from Stain or Blemish of Sin, just ready for *Elisba's Chariot*, that he cannot endure to hear of the return of a Prodigal Son. No—let him be whip'd back to his Actions again with a Wagon. The Coldness of his Charity has condensed the word *Knave* into a *visible Substance*, so that it comes out of his Mouth, like his breath in a Frosty Morning; and all this while the only reason why the *Knave* is so visible to him in me, is, because he supposes me to have been *Lasher to the two Houses*. But if that be all, seeing his Majesty has been pleased to Absolve me from my former Transgressions, and I desire any person to charge me

since, I shall presume so far by vertue of the Kings
prerogative of Mercy, as to beleive my self as honest
 as the Person that see's the *Knave* so visible in me. And
 so his hard strain'd Simile of Transubstantion vanishes in-
 to it's original Nonsense. But *saith he*, persisting in his
 malice, *That this Man should be made honest, would be*
a mighty Cure. What is this but to snarle at Heaven
 it self? For Conversion is a *Cure* from thence. He then
 that Questions the strangeness of such a *Cure*, calls in doubt
 either the Power or Practice of the *Almighty*, as if it were
 an unusual thing with God to work such *Cures*. I would
 gladly know of the *Paragapher* wherein I have been dishon-
 est either to him or the publick. If I *whip'd up the two Hou-*
ses by speaking Truth, I was neither *Rogue* nor *Knave*:
 If I did not, he was bound in Conscience, if honest, to
 have convinc'd the World of my defects. Otherwise all
 he says must be looked upon as meer insinuation of some
 conceiv'd Malice, and an overweaning hatred of Refor-
 mation. To which if any *Doctors* of mine, as he calls'em,
 have been instrumental, it was their Duty so to do; and an
 evil peice of severity in him to abuse them for it. Never-
 theless he lets fly at Randome at certain *Individuum Va-*
gum's, Heaven knows whom, and tells them, *It looks a*
little Popish, not only to give a General Indulgence to such a
known sinner, immediately to make a Saint of him. But
 he mistakes the point extreamly. I never received any
 such kindness at their hands. Tis to the Kings Indul-
 gence that I ow my forgiveness in this World: Nor can
 I tell, why the Supream head of the Church, may not as
 Lawfully and with as much Authority forgive on Earth,
 as the *Paragaphers* dear friend the Pope. Had I been fond
 of *General Indulgences*, or been ambitious of a *Saintship*,
 I should have moved in the same spear of Iniquity from
 whence the Kings most Royal Clemency redeem'd me.
 Which had I done, I make no question but I might have
 had a *General Indulgence* from the *Paragapher* himself;

Now

Now what he means by their making a *Saint* of me, I know not; I am apt to believe he was himself in a Popish dream when he said it. I must confess the next way to be a *Saint*, is to converse with good and vertuous men, and so to be made a *Saint*. I think is much better than to be made a Devil with those incarnates from whose wicked Sociery I am so happily retir'd. In the mean time what a severe Interpreter of other people's actions is this same *Paragraphers*? Men cannot cherish the sprouting blossoms of Reformation and Penitency, with the Common Acts of kindness and Civility, but *whip*, they must be said to *Saint* the person they favour. Certainly the Papists and their adherents, are the most cruel people in the World, that make so many *Saints* themselves, and will not permit my *Doctors* to make one. But as severe as they are, if any *Doctors* do make me a *Saint*, I am resolv'd I will make one shift or other to slip in i'the croud. And again, I promise the *Paragrapher* that whoever they be that may make him a *Saint*, I will neither envy him, nor trouble my head about it.

In the last place he falls upon the *Gathered Churches*, lays the *Miracle* of my Conversion to their charge, and very gravely Cautions them to finish their work, upon the high forfeitures of *disparaging their prudence*, and *lesning their Reputation*. So eagerly does this *Nimrod* of inveteracy persue me through all Societies of Men, as if he envi'd me a being upon Earth, and therefore resolv'd to hunt me out of the World. Thus did *Satan* appear among the *Angels of God*, to heap accusation upon accusation against Innocent *Job*: And thus the *Observer* endeavors to *Whip up the gathered Churches* into an ill opinion of me. But suppose the *Miracle* should be accomplished, as I trust it is; I hope the *Observer* will not exclaim against Justice, if the *disparagement of imprudence* and the *lesning of Reputation* should redound to himself. For my party I look upon this *Shimiclan Paragrapher*, as proceeding

ceeding from Providence, contrary to the intent of the Writer, to make me the more wary of my future demeanor. For certainly it would *whip up any* man of Ingenuity, how prone soever to vice, to prosecute his intentions of a reformed life, if it were but to spite the fury of such a malicious adversary. As for the *Gathered Churches*, as he calls them, he acknowledges both *Prudence* and *Reputation* to be among them. But withal, by way of *Tenderness* would insinuate to the World, that he believes that the Nut-shell which contained *Homers* works would comprehend both. Otherwise he could never be so idle as to think, they would forfeit those pretious Jewels of *Prudence* and *Reputation* to uphold a *Rogue* or a visible *Knave* or cherish a *known sinner* in his Wickedness. But the mark at which he shoots is apparent. For having fixed the Characters of *Rogue* and *Knave*, upon me, he endeavors by the same Artifice to undermine the *Prudence* and *Reputation* of the *Gathered Churches*, by pretending them to be my Abettors: With the *Stillette* of a *Tender* Caution wounding both their *Reputation* and *Prudence* at once, which he seems to be so nice of. In all which he does but verifie the Text of Holy Writ, whose Oracles never fail, which tells us, that the *Tenderness* and *Mercies* of the Wicked are Cruelty. Thus the *Prudence* of the *Gathered Churches* distinctly discerns, and more than this; for they cannot but be almost assured from the venomous Symptoms of this *Paragrapher*, that their present persecutions proceed in some Measure from his Courts, and that if a new Writ *de Heretico Comburendo* were let loose again, he would be as active and as nimble as 'ere a *Bonner* or *Gardner* in England ever was to remove these eye sores of the Protestant Religion from his sight. Nor do their *Reputation* less appear, by their Patient suffering the
 Scorns

Scorns and Contumelies which are daily thrown upon them, with the same Patience, and enduring the Disturbance of their Consciences, by awaking dormant Acts against them; And all this to Exasperate their Loyalty, and incense them to incur their Sovereign's Displeasure: While the Dreams and Buffoonries of the *Observer* and *Heraclitus* are fostered and encouraged, to lighten and enflame our Divisions; those *pretty Motions* that are blindly moved through the Fatal Cunning of *Jesuitism*, by the great Wheel of Romish Consultation, Those *Corrosives* of imbittered Language, that keep our Wounds still festring, which else might soon be closed without the least appearance of a Scar. Proceedings so much the more to be wondered at, that we should be vexing and tormenting the Native Protestants of the Land, at the same time when the Kingdom rejoices to be the far applauded Sanctuary of Exiled Foreigners of the same Profession, exterminated from their Estates, their Callings and their Habitations, only for the same Crimes of *Conscience and Protestant Religion*.

Having thus as I hope wiped off the Stains of Printed Reproach, cast upon me by those I never in my Life provok'd or injur'd; I am now to give an Account of an Accident that lately beset me in *Essex*. An Affair that has made such a great Noise in the World, and set the Clacks of all my Adversaries a going, even to a Midwives Vanity: and would have made a far louder Din, had not my Innocency, Scann'd in the face of Justice, brought me off.

A Gentleman, a Friend of Mr. *Colledges*, understanding I was to take a Journey into *Essex*, and that I was well acquainted at *Waltham*, desired me to take that place in my way; and to discourse with one *George French* an *Inn-Keeper* in that Town, to know what
he

he could truly testifie concerning the Life and Conversation of one *Heynes* an *Irishman*, who was expected to give Evidence against *Colledge* at *Oxford*; and if I could judge him to speak any thing material, that I would serve him with a *Subpena*, he giving me one at the same time. At first, I refused to engage in this Affair, as being an Evidence for the King in the Discovery of several Treasons and Villanies of the Papists; but the Gentleman pressing it upon me, and withal telling me that I was as much obliged to use all lawful and honest means to preserve the Kings Subjects, as to testifie against them upon any Legal Prosecution, and having no knowledge more than what was Popular and Common talk of what was laid to *Colledge's* Charge, no way concern'd either for, or against him; on the other side Personally knowing *Haynes* to be a most Notorious Papist, that had corresponded with *Mrs. Celiars*, and the Popish Lords in the Tower, and one that had been employed of her to run of Errands to the Prisons, and peticularly between her and my self, when I was a Prisoner for Debt in the Kings Bench, upon these Considerations I thought my self, as much obliged to do that peice of honest service to *Master Colledge*, as the Gentleman was willing to have me, and took Horse upon the Sunday after Evening Prayer, and rode to the said *George French's* house at the Kings Arms in *Waltham*, designing to stay there all Night. Being shewed into a Chamber, I sent for the Master of the house, who neither knew me, nor I him. I asked him his name, and how long he had kept the house. To which he replied his name was *French*, and that he had kept the house about two or three years; that he had a few years before served the Right Honourable the Earl of *Shaftsbury*, in the Station of an Under Groom, by which means he had got together a small parcel of mony, and hapning withal
to

to marry an industrious woman, (he meant one of *Bascon* Ladies of Industry) all helps brought him into a capacity of taking that House. Then he began to relate the Disasters he had met with since he undertook that employment, particularly that about a year before, he had entertain'd three Irish-men, who continu'd with him till they had run Forty or Fifty pounds in his debt, that they were often visited by one *Heynes*; that one Mr. *Obara*, Who was one of the Three before mentioned, took upon him to pay the Debt upon which the other two came away for *London*, but that *Obara* continued in his House for some few days after; in which time *Obara* took an occasion to quarrel with him, which gave him an opportunity of swearing he would do the Inn-keepers business, and be revenged upon him: Soon after, to make his words good, *Obara* came to *London*, and upon Information given to Sir *George Treby* Recorder, he procur'd a Warrant to apprehend *French* for Clipping and Coyning. About a day or two after this, *French* having some extraordinary business to *London*, in a Coach upon the Road (and within the County of *Middlesex*) met *Obara* and *Haines*, who immediately seiz'd, and carried him before Mr. *Raynton*, one of His Majesties Justices of the Peace; who, upon what the Warrant imported, committed *French* to *Newgate*.

A happiness many of the Irish have by the benefit of their Consciences, that they can pay Debts with a jerk, and not be constrain'd to lie lurking and guffling away their precious time in White-Fryers among Sharpers.

French thus took up, before the time of Prosecution, *Obara* desires to withdraw his Information; but being told how Villanous such practices were, and how liable he had made himself to an Indictment of *Perjury*, better consider'd of the matter, and going to *Newgate* to *French*, fell upon his knees before him, and (with an Irish Oath) besought his pardon, offering to repair all the damages he had suffered by that Imprisonment; withall declaring, that what he had sworn against him was all false; that he was made Drunk and put upon it by that Villain *Haines* (for so he call'd him) and

For some my be greater Rogues than others.

promised to take care about his discharge at the next Sessions, which was accordingly done. Upon this relation, which is *verbatim* as I had it from *French*, I serv'd him with a *Subpena*, whereupon he demanding my name, I told it him. This being over, *French* leaves me, saying he would acquaint his Wife with it, whom he promis'd to bring up; and intreated me to rightly inform her about it, being big with Child, lest she might possibly be too much concern'd for the absence of her husband; and going away, leaving the *Subpena* upon the Table, but before he saw his Wife, he went into the next Room, in which was a Quartermaster belonging to one of my Lord of *Oxford's* Troops, who goes by the name of *Bruff*, and four or five Troopers more, who had been tossing the Glasses about all that day, (as *French* inform'd me) and to them he makes his complaint, swearing he had been serv'd with something call'd a *Subpena* to go down to *Oxford*, to be a witness for one *Colledge*, upon which, *Bruff* desir'd to see the Warrant, which *French* fetch'd him. He, upon perusal, swore *Damn him*, that could not force him to go, because there was neither Hand nor Seal to it; that it was a new design to draw him into trouble, by making of him be a Witness against the King; that it was a piece of Forgery, &c. and then asked *French* who gave it him? He answer'd one *Dangerfield*. Presently says the Coxcomby politician of a Quartermaster, do you go and tell him here are four or five Gentlemen would be glad to drink a Glas of Wine with him, to have an opportunity of acknowledging the good services he has done by his discovery, to the King and Countrey; for if I get but once into his Company, let me alone to affront him. Upon which, *French* returning to my Chamber door, made a stand, and there related the desire of the aforesaid Company, *Bruff* all the while standing behind him; I answer'd *French*, I was a little disturb'd with riding, and was so unfit either to take, or make a visit, that I did intend so soon as I had sup'd to go to Bed: Upon which *Bruff* forc'd himself into my Room, swearing *Damn him*, the Company were honest drunken fellows, and that they were resolv'd to drink a Glas of Wine with me, and then he sat down. Whereupon I demanded if he

or any of his company knew me, or if he thought I knew any of them? to which he answer'd no. Then I told him my circumstances would not allow me to be in company of persons I knew not; withall excusing to him what rudeness I could not avoid being then guilty of, for that I could not allow him to stay longer than the drinking of one Glass of Wine; then he swore, Damn him, he did not intend to stay any longer with me, and desired me to drink any health to him, what I pleased, which he promised to pledge and be gone: To this I answered, I did not accustom my self to drink healths, in regard it was the only promoter of quarrels. He replied, that was only about the healths of women; and then pressed me to drink the King's health. I told him I was unwilling to drink any health at all, for many reasons, some of which were these; First, the Lords day was not expir'd. Secondly, that the King had caused a Proclamation to be published, shewing His Majesties dislike about drinking of any health. And thirdly, It was not visible to me, wherein I could in the least measure contribute to the Kings service by the drinking of his health; but if he would undertake to make out that it did, I should think my self as much oblig'd, as he seem'd earnest to have it done, and that with a heart as full of Loyalty as he, or e're a man living. Upon which he took upon him to make me understand how it would be serviceable to the King, for me to drink His Majesties health, by this Interpretation: For says he, *To drink a health, does imply the honour, good-wishes, and highest obligations to service imaginable; and in fine, after one man has drunk anothers health, is to be understood from that very time, that he becomes his Slave and Vassal, and therefore, in such a time of distinction as this is, be thought every loyal hearted man, that lov'd his King as he ought to do, oblig'd to that interpretation, as an argument prevalent enough to drink the Kings health.* To this I replied, the King, I humbly conceived, only expected a peaceable and quiet o-

This Quartermaster was a profound Bacchomaniac, of the Order of the Holy Eumenides; and had read all the Folio's of the famous Aschradust Tiffocian all over, and has made comments upon them: but bring him a Point of War, and you gravel him presently.

bedience from his People, whom His Majesty calls good Subjects, not Slaves or Vassals; and I could not hold my self oblig'd to take any notice of his interpretation. Then he press'd me in the Common Dialect of Civility, intimating how much I was oblig'd to answer the request of a Gentleman and a Stranger, and in my own Room too. To that I reply'd, that he was only a presumptive guess that had by his carriage, rendred himself more bold than welcome because not invited; but yet since he had put the thing by the way of Common Civility, I would not be behind hand with him; and then I promis'd to drink the Kings, provided he would not impose any other health upon me: Upon which he let fall a Rapsodie of Oathes and Curses, wherein I thought he had bound himself as fast as that sort of Troopery engagement could hold him. But he little regarded those ties: For I had no sooner fill'd his Glass but he begins the D. of *Yorks* health upon me. Whereupon I stood up and declar'd I would not drink it, because of the interpretation which he himself had made but just before of health drinking; and for that, I had a Thousand reasons best known to my self, besides as many well known to the world, why I would not engage my self, to be his Highnesses *Slave* or *Vassal*; and so I refused his health. Then he began to catch at the expression, *Reasons best known to my self*; and said, he would give me one convincing argument for my drinking that health: I being full of curiosity to hear that, desired him to declare what it was; then he insisted that the *Duke* being of the Church *England*, His Majesties Royal Brother, and next Heir to the Crown, and pray'd for in the Church according to the appointment of the Canon Laws thereof, I ought to, and that was the very reason that induc'd him and many Thousands besides to drink his Highnesses health. To which I replied, that though the Duke were pray'd for as a branch of the Royal Family, in a distinct Prayer; yet I could not understand that either that Prayer, or the Common Laws of the Church, had made any appointment for drinking his health, and therefore I refused it; adding, that if he were no better acquainted with Marial, than he seem'd to be with Ecclesiastical Affairs, he

was

was very unfit to serve the King ; and so I desired the Bugbear to withdraw ; for which he call'd me Son of a whore ; and gave me some other Thunder-thumping complements of the same nature, which I very patiently took, finding his behaviour such, as if he had the Popes Pardon or dispensation in his Pocket, for his own security, in case he had cut my Throat. And therefore I courted him divers times to march off, which at length he did, discharging, as he went, such Volleys of flaming Oathes, as if his Jaws had been the vent of *Arma.*

When he came into his own Room, he and his Crew, drank my Damnation, and while he

continued there, I went to Supper, having sent for the Woman of the house, to whom I declar'd how I had serv'd her Husband with a Subpena, to go the next day, being Munday, towards

That must be forgiven him, as being done by the appointment of the Ecclesiastical Courts Law, which he had studied.

Oxford ; and then I asked if she would be content to spare him for five or six days ? she answered yes, if the business he went about were just and honest, and that he might have his charges borne. To which I answered, the business was just and honest ; for which I refer'd her to the words of the Subpena, (*viz.*) that he was to testify the Truth according to his knowledge, in a Cause between the King and C^c. and that what Money the Law did allow to other Witnesses in such Cases, I did promise to see paid to her Husband. The Woman seem'd very well content, and after Supper leaving mine, went into the Troopers Room, where by that time, they and the man of the House were gotten sufficiently Drunk ; in which condition they laid their heads together to paraphraise upon the writ of Subpena. Says Bruff, *Damn him for a Dogg that made that Subpena,* (speaking to the Woman) tis a *shamm*, and a design to dram your Husband into some more Roguery. Then says

the Woman, *Damn that Dog, Dangerfield, for I will have his business done before he goes hence. Damn me,* says Bruff, *do, we'll all help you. I being in my*

For you must know there are a sort of Industrious Women that use to swear at this rate.

own Room, and hearing this threatening Dialogue, thought I had reason enough to apprehend my Life in danger. Thereupon I sent my man for the Master of the House three times, but he still brought me word he was so Drunk that he could not come; which answer he had every time from the Wife, who as often as the Husband attempted to stand up; she struck him down again with a swinging Curse or two, interlarded with flaps o' th' Face. Then I sent several times for the Woman, but neither was to be perswaded. Presently hearing an extraordinary noise amongst 'em, I thought they were putting themselves into a posture to do my business, (as they had all call'd it but just before.) Whereupon I betook my self to my Sword and Pistol, resolving to stand upon my Guard, knowing the Law justified Self-preservation; as being in my own Room, and besides, having nothing wherewith to fasten the Door, I found my self so much the more expos'd. Then 'twas that I sent my man into the Street to call a Constable, or raise the Town, with all speed, that I might be safe; who was no sooner gone from me, but in came Mother Industry, Sir (says she) I understand you sent divers times for my Husband, then for me, and now for a Constable, I cannot understand your meaning by it. And then stepping out of the Room she Swears, *Damn her*, my business should be done before the Constable could come. Which was no sooner said, but in comes the Quartermaster, who confidently demanded, what was the matter with me, and what apprehensions of danger I had that made me send for a Constable, and put my self in that posture of defence. (for then I cock'd my Pistol) To this I reply'd (drawing forth my Sword, and making a scratch on the boards of the floor between him and me) Sir, you are the Person from whom I apprehend my Life to be in Danger, (I having heard all your Design) and this being my Room, and my Castle, you having twice forced your self into the same, without being requested thereto by my consent, either be gone, or else I will certainly fire upon you, then the woman (for she

(19)

was in the Room all the time) push'd him into a chair, swearing and cursing at the old rate, that he should stay there for her pleasure. Then I told them I knew their design was upon my life, and if he did attempt to come over that line or scratch upon the boards before the Constable came, I would Pistol him, laying my Sword by at the same time, and recovering a holster Pistol, which I also cock'd and held in my Sword hand, as thinking my self more secure with two, than with one Pistol and a slight Sword. Upon this, the Woman whispered to *Bruff*, who assoon stood up, draws his Sword and whistled, which was no sooner done but in came four or five Russian-like Fellows, which I afterwards understood to be the Troopers who had been all the time in the next Room waiting for notice. Two of them *Bruff* commanded to stay in the Room, and the rest to fetch their Carbines: which was accordingly done. Then he commanded the Peace (as he call'd it) and me to deliver my Pistols, at which time I must confess it was in my mind to have fired; but it pleased God in his Infinite Mercy, for so it fell out, I had just time enough to consider, that I was all alone, and among People who joyntly fought my Life; and if it should happen that I should kill one of them, tho' it were in my own defence, and my self invaded by them in my own Room; yet I could not tell how the Devil might put it in to their hearts to swear the thing upon me; so that I rather chose to capitulate for my life upon their terms, and be at their mercy, than to run the hazard of being Hang'd; for that in which case I had reason enough to know, the Plea of my Innocency could do me no service: Thereupon I told the Quartermaster I would deliver my Pistols, provided I could have any tollerable Security for my Life. Then he swore *Dam Him*, I should have none (pressing upon me) Was not his Honour sufficient enough for me to depend upon? He (as he said then himself) had fought divers Prizes at the Bear-Garden, had been in divers Land

And yet notwithstanding these reasons, many Whelps of Bitches, do question the Honour of the Bears themselves. But it seems, according to that Quartermasters Arguments, he's no complete Gentleman, that has not read Harry Bailly's Titles of Honour, as well as Seldons.

and

and Sea-Fights, And should such an Eternal Son of a Bitch as I was, question his Honour? Upon this, I resolv'd upon the considerations aforesaid, not to fire; and so turning the Muzles of my Pistols outwards (not having time to uncock them) to prevent Mischief, I surrendred my self to this man of Honour; which I had no sooner done, but as soon the Quartermaster, catches hold of my Pistols, and turns the Muzels of 'em to my Brest, strugling to trip up my Heels, at which time I being somewhat stronger in my left Arm, than he was in his right with which he held my hand, I forc'd the Muzle of the Holiter-Pistol by the hollow of my Body, and pass'd it under my Arm, believing it their secure: But having been wounded several times in my right Arm and Shoulder, I wanted strength to secure the small Pistol as I had done the other, upon which *Bruff* prest so hard, that my Thumb which was on the top of the Cock; and my fore-Finger which was at the Tricker fly'd off, then down went the Cock, giving fire to the Powder that was in the Pan. However by the Infinite goodness of that God who knew the Innocency of my Cause, the Pistol did not Discharge; which had it done, it must undoubtedly have kill'd me; for it was Loaden with a Bullet fir'd on, and the Muzle was exactly at the middle of my Brest. Now that I might be so much the more induc'd to admire and value that infinite goodness of God, which had so miraculously deliver'd me, I have made tryal of the same Pistol, divers times since exactly as it vvas then, and it never fail'd to discharge, this being the second deliverance of that kind, vvhich hath hapen'd to me vvithin this six Months; for all vvhich, I bless that God vvhom I serve, that he hath made me know, 'tis he only is able to deliver; for all vvhich I submit my self to his infinite Grace and Goodness, and novv return to our Quartermaster, vvho by this time, vvith the help of his Fellow-Russians having gotten the Pistols out of my hands, fell upon me vvith a most outragious Violence. Toar all my Linnen and Cloaths, not vvithout some remembrances of the Womans Malice, vvho vvould novv and then lend her helping hand vvith some small Cuffs at my Face; and because

cause their usage to me was too soft, she would often cry to them, Damn him, Murder him, Kill him, Kill the Dog. And indeed I expected no other; for they drew me by force, out of my own into their Room, where, under pretence of searching for small Arms in my Pockets, they intended to take my money: But my telling them it would make 'em liable to Indictments for Robbery, they desisted in that, but not in their blows upon my head and face, till the Constable came, who was no sooner entred the Room, but the Quartermaster, not giving me leave to speak, commanded the Constable to secure me till the morning, that I might be brought before a Magistrate, telling him how he had been forc'd to keep the peace; upon which, this being the very Constable which my man brought, (whose name is *Thomas Vines*) he took me back into my own Room, where I had the opportunity of informing him what had hapned to me, which he little regarded, but still suffered the Quartermaster and his train to come into the Room and abuse me. By this time it was near one of the Clock, so that I resolv'd not to go to Bed; but when it was day, to take my Horse and make my complaint to some Justice of the Peace, little dreaming that the Constable for whom I sent, only to keep the Peace for the safety of my life, would have had the impudence to detain me longer than I had pleas'd; so that about Five a Clock in the morning I was preparing to be gone, and thanked the Constable for his care about me; but he swore he would not suffer me to go, untill I had been before a Magistrate. I demanded if he understood the duty and office of a Constable? or if he thought himself safe to detain me without a Warrant, there being not the least appearance of injury that had been done to any but my self? or if he look'd upon the Quartermasters command to be as warrantable to them both, as if it had been given by a Civil Magistrate to whom such matters only belong? To all which, he replied, he well understood his business (and so 'twas a sign) and would not suffer me to stir from my Room. Nevertheless the Constable thinking I had touch'd him to the quick by what I had

said, goes into the Town to advise (as I since understood) with one *Tho. North*, the High Constable of that Hundred, to whom he stated the Case, fearing that what he had done in detaining me was not warrantable, it being only the command of a Military person. To which, the High Constable, who was either as much Knave or Fool as any of 'em, replied, that he would justify him in what he had done; and ordred him, if I did attempt to be gone, he should knock me down, or use any other violence what he pleased. Upon this the Constable returned, and told me he had very well considered his business, and found himself justifiable, though he kill'd me, if I offered to be gone. Whereupon I submitted, only demanding what Magistrate he intended to have me before? and when? His answer was, whom he pleased, and his own time. When I found him so huffy, I gave him to understand how much he was mistaken in that point; for that the Law did allow me the liberty of chusing my Justice, provided it were in the same County, and I were not taken upon a special Warrant: but it was all one to him, for he little regarded what I said, only in a short time after he gave me notice to prepare my self. But I was more surpris'd when I understood what they intended and had contrived to swear against me: For I had overheard the Quartermaster, who told the Woman of the House they were all undone, if she did not stand their Friend, for they could not justify what they had done, unless she would swear the Peace against me. That she soon promised to do. And that made me consider of taking some friend along with me to be my Bail; and I accordingly sent for one, that came, and upon my relation of the business, was as willing to go, as I was to desire him, being well satisfied how much I had been abused.

My Friend being gone before, the Constable whispers me to this effect, Sir, I believe you are doubtful of what is intended to be sworn against you, and least there should be occasion for Bail have sent for that Friend, which I do assure

you

you need not have been. For notwithstanding what has hap-
pen'd about my detaining of you, yet you had better make
use of and depend upon me, who will be bound for you as
far as a hundred pounds goes. For that person which you
intend for your Bayl is a Presbiteryan, and will do both you
and himself, much prejudice, should he appear in this Affair.
Now as for my friends being of any other perswasion than
that of the present Church of *England*, as it is Estabish'd by
Law, I knew to be most notoriously false, and had sufficient
reason to think my friend the Constable, as great a Rogue as
any of the rest, whoes best principles are all sorts of Debauch-
eries, and therefore I thought my self so much the more
oblig'd to have a friend: Because I saw all they drove at,
vvas to triumph and rejoyce at my Commitment to Prison.
After this, vve set forth towards the Iustices, vvhoes habi-
tation vvas about four miles from *Walsham*, vvhose hart for-
merly been best known by the name of *Mad Wroth*: A per-
son as fit for the purpose, as my accusers and the Constable
vvere. Before him, the Woman testified vvhat the Troopers
and she had agreed upon before, the heads of her Informa-
tion being here set down, as they vvere taken by that Offi-
cious Just'as, vvho out of his abundant care and Zeal (but
for vvhathe har dly knevv himself) took the pains to ride c-
ver to *Walsham* that very same day, to take fresh exami-
nations, or rather to temper vvith suborn vvitnesses against
me, as perhaps he may one day be sencible off.

Lucy French made Oath before Squire John Wroth the 15th.
day of August 1681.

That Thomas Dangerfield drew his Sword and Pistol at her, and swore he would kill her. That he told her she must take leave of her Husband, for she should see him no more, that he told her the Subpena which he had served upon her Husband, was in favour of my Lord of Shaftsbury, that he did give her Husband instructions what to say when he came to Oxford, on the behalf of Colledge. That he the said Dangerfield did swear he would dye upon his sword point, if he did not ruin both her and her husband, before he went out of their house, that he came not out of kindness to the house, but to do them hurt; that he would cause her Husband to be put in the Garret, that he would procure their Lycence to be taken away in a months time, &c.

With

With this and such kind of Ruff did our Justice make shift, to patch up an Information; vvhich vvhen it vvvas taken, and as I thought, all things over as to that, I desired my Defence might be heard; to which he replied, The Law did not allow such Rascals, as I was, any defence: And besides, I stood there charg'd with Subornation, and had taken part with my Lord *Shaftsbury*, whom he said was the greatest Traytor in the Nation; That I had refused to drink the Duke of *York's* health, because he was a Papist: But then

The Justice was certainly cut out, to fulfill the ancient Proverb, The Devil corrects Sin. Or had a certain Charm, by which such Countrey Gentlemen, as he is, in Commission as they call it, instead of Polton's Statutes, amiken Draprie or rather Bursie Justice. But here we may see what such a Countrey Justice can do, when he has the Law in his own hands.

he swore, *Damn him*, he knew the Duke to be a better Protestant than I was, with a great deal more of such like impious Riff Raff. Then I told him, I thought the rest of the Justices of the Peace, would scarce be of his opinion at the Quarter Sessions: To which, he swore, *Damn him*, but he was sure they would. However, Sir, said I, you are not Parliament Proof. With that, he swore, *Damn him*, he vallued not a Parliament, a Fart for a Parliament. Then I held up my Finger and bid him have a care; upon which, he became somewhat mild, and offered to let me go upon Bail, which I had ready, and so the heat was over. But just when I was coming away, says he to me, pray Sir, let me desire you to inform your self well about the persons which put you upon serving of this *Subpœna*; for you cannot chuse but find, they had a design to embroyl you by it, and to leave you in the Bryers, whereby your prosecuting and detecting of *Papists*, and the *Popish-Plot*, might be rendred useles. Pray, says he again, take my advice, and sift it to the bottom: And if you find it as I say, make use of me to represent your discovery to the King, vvhich shall serve to restore you to my good opinion again;

A fine insinuation this, to dull my memory about his dirty, Billingsgate expressions concerning Parliaments.

again; which you have at present lost by appearing in so foul a thing, as serving the *Subpena*.

Now let all the world judge whether or no, this Gentleman had not a design to suborn me to charge Mr. *Colledges* Friend, from whom I had the *Subpena*; with a design to destroy my Evidence in the *Papish-Plot*? And whither or no the overflowing of his Gall has not carried him so much beyond the sedate and mild behaviour of a Civil Magistrate, that I had just cause to think him as bad a person as the Woman who had sworn so falsely against me? For how likely a thing is it, that I who never knew the Woman, nor spake to her in my life before, nor had ever heard of any the least injury, either her self or any thing relating to her had done me, should attempt to kill her, to threaten either her, or her Husbands Life or Ruine, as she had sworn.

But now to shew you what became of this affair, which Mr. *Justice Overdo*, by his double dilligence had taken no small pain to Nurse into a Subornation, I shall tell you in a few words. Being bound over to the Quarter-Sessions which opened at *Chelmsford* the 4th of *October*, I attended, and the Evidence being heard against me, and my Defence against that; the thing I stood charg'd with seem'd so improbable, that the Court (not being of *Squire John's* opinion, though he had pawn'd his Soul upon it,) by their great Justice and Honour, discharg'd both me and my Bail, leaving those malicious Prosecutors to my course at Law; which I soon made use of, for I straight vway procur'd a Bill to be dravvn up against *Slouch the Quartermaster* for the assault, and presented it to the *Grand Jury*, vwho upon direct Evidences found it *Billa vera*; upon the knowledg of vvhich, the *Bacchanalian* *Svvasht-Buckler*, notwithstanding all his health-drinking, leaving, fearing the process of the Court vwould reach him, fled, but our Justice remain'd behind, biting and punishing
his

his Lips that had so unadvisedly published his Ignorance in the *Law*, his contempt of *Heaven*, and slight of Salvation, finding himself not only liable besides to a just complaint in *Parliament*, but in the Interval, obnoxious to several Informations in the *Crown-Office*! not only for his misbehaviour in this single affair, but for several most notorious misdemeanors by him committed, at a Special Sessions held at *Epping* in the Month of *September*, vvhich he may be sure to hear of on both sides his Ears. As also hovv basely he hath represented the Kings Person to the vvhole Country?

That which follows now, is such a piece of unparalleled Impudence, as nothing but a Devil in that horrible Shape of a Papist would be guilty of. The Copy of a Letter which was sent to the Honourable Sir *Thomas Player*, there having been some Scores containing the same matter, sent by the Penny-Post to divers other Eminent Citizens and Persons of Quality. Which Letters by the *Stile*, the hand Writing, and the most notorious and apparent stories and defamations hodge podg'd together in the same, sufficiently demonstrate them to be contriv'd and sent abroad by some Rascally lying Priest, and subscrib'd by the two first Letters of that so Famous Female Politician, *Madam Cellier's* Name. The Letter runs thus, *Verbatim*.

" I cannot but extreemly concern my self about your
 " great misfortune, in having any thing to do with that
 " Monster of a-Man *Dangerfield*: who though his carriage a-
 " mong you seem very demure, and his cunning such that
 " he yet passes for a very honest man, and is hug'd and
 " caress'd by many Eminent Citizens (as I my self have
 " been an Eye Witness too) yet I can assure you, since
 " the King came from *Windsoer*, he has been to kiss his
 " hand, and has given such a Catalogue of Names, char-
 " ged

"ged with such desperate, bloody, and Villanous Treasons,
 "and that for the most part against no small Persons;
 "that when I first heard the account thereof, it made my
 "Hair stand an end, admiring how it was possible for
 "a man to have so much of the Devil in him, and to
 "conceal it thus long, and so well, as to be taken for
 "the greatest miracle in a Correction that hath happened
 "in these latter days.

"For my part, I am of the Church of *England* ESta-
 "blished by Law, and yet have the Charity to be con-
 "cern'd to see how that subtel Emiffary, that true Em-
 "blem of his Lord and Master, *Shafisbury*, (who is cer-
 "tainly a Papiſt in his heart, and would hazard both
 "Body and Soul to destroy the least thing bearing the
 "name of a Protestant were it in his Power) gulls and
 "leads you poor unthinking Fanaticks about by the Noſes,
 "when in very deed he is at the same time endeavour-
 "ing to destroy all that industry and pains, which you
 "have been so long taking, to secure Religion, Liberty,
 "and Property, and instead of that thing call'd Unity
 "(then which the thinking men of our Church nothing
 "more desire) he is using far worse means than any of those
 "Shamming Villains have yet done to inflame the Nation,
 and

"put us all into Mutiny and Confusion.

"As for what is past in relation to *Colledge* and others, 'tis very insignificant; and all those *Irish*, and the rest of the Tools, had rendred themselves useles; and you will see them as much slighted shortly, because they cannot go through-stitch with what they undertook.

"But I can assure you, *Dangerfield* is too cunning a Rogue, to miscarry in such a weighty Affair, where his Neck is so much concern'd; and hat h taken such good Notes (as he calls 'em), and brought such considerable Persons of Quality, in Disguises, into your several Clubs and Meetings, that, for ought I see, if the Great God stand not firmly by you, you are all lost as one Man.

"It maketh my very Heart bleed, to find such Villains have any Being on Earth; much more to live in Conversation with, or have any room in the Opinions of honest Men.

"I cannot give you an Account of any the Particulars of his Hellish Design as yet; but hope my Diligence in the discovery thereof, will afford you more in a short time; till which, takethis, as it imports perfect Truth, and the great esteem I have for the safety and well-being of your self, and all sober honest Men.

Sir, Yours in all lawful Services,

August 31. 81.

E. C.

From this Letter all Men of Reason, that wilfully will not close the Eyes of their Understandings, may easily deduce the Character of the whole Popish Gang,

E

of

of which this same Jesuitical Caution-monger seems to be one of the great Bell-weather. There is in it Malice, Envy, Treachery, Inhumanity, counterfeited Friendship, Forgery, Dissimulation, Lying, and that particular Vice which gave to *Satan* the additional Name of *Devil*, or *Diabolus*, False accusation; which makes out the Character of a Papist to be Envious, Malicious, Treacherous, Inhumane, a Counterfeit-Friend, a Forger, a Dissembler, a Liar, and a False-accuser: A Vice so much detested and abominated by all the Saints in *Heaven*, that one of the Reasons set down in the *Revelations* why they gave Glory and Honour to *God*, was this, Because the Accuser of the Brethren was cast down into the *Bottomless-pit*.

Now to shew the World that this same *Son of Mischief*, who wrote the foregoing Letter, has accumulated to himself all those rare and diabolical Qualities before mentioned, and made himself the very *Pandora's Box* of all the Infections that destroy Common Morality; his Malice, his Envy, and his Inhumanity appear in this, that believing me to be in the favour of worthy and good Men, he endeavours to canker their Friendships towards me; as if all other Men were to bear me hatred, because it would be a thing acceptable to the envenom'd rancour of him and his Party; and because he thinks, if they should forsake me, I should be abandon'd by all the World beside. Then, thought he, necessity would constrain the miserable and forlorn Wretch to seek for succour, to unsay what I have said, to unswear what I have sworn, and make my self the *Opprobrium* of the World, as others have done. No, no, Sir, you were mistaken in your Measures; I am not a Person of those tottering Resolutions;

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to be shaken by your Paper Engines: Nor shall all the Necessities in the World make me recede a Tittle from what I have asserted in the Face of the Nation; but shall be ready to appear again, whenever call'd, with the same boldness and the same Truth that redeem'd me from the Vassalage of a burthened Conscience. His Counterfeited Friendship and Dissimulation appears in his being so *extremely concern'd for the great Misfortune of Sir Thomas Player, and other Eminent Citizens, for having any thing to do with that Monster of a Man, Dangerfield*: By which he shews himself an exact Follower and Admirer of his Doctor *St. Judas*, to pretend a kindness, and trouble for their *Misfortune*, while he was seeking to betray them with a Kiss. For, his kind Paper, and his deep Concerns, were Contrivances to probe their Hearts. Had those worthy Gentlemen shewed any Signs of Commotion, had they seem'd to have been startled at the News and Discovery of such a *Monster of a Man*, thence they would have argu'd a certain Guilt: And then you should have had those Miscreants observing every Motion and Lineament of their Faces, like Picture drawers; then you should have had 'em diving into the very bottom of their Breasts, like *Indians* for Pearly Oyster-shells: Nor would they ever have left 'em, till they had found, tho' it had been but a Barley-corns-worth of Probability; knowing well what a Mountain of Treason they could have built upon such a small Foundation. But such was the firm and unspotted Loyalty of those Gentlemen, that all the Efforts of this same Hell-prompted Son of *Belial* prov'd unsuccessful.

But now to compass his Design, and to make out his Kindness, *Dangerfield* must be a *Monster of a Man*: For the

Papists never use to slander, but they do it to purpose. And indeed, I'll say that for him, hitherto he has laid the *Plot* of his Lie like an Artist; 'tis all super-fine Roguery, all Wimble-Mischief. But alas! by and by, through the diverting Direction of Providence, the Fool spoils all again, and down comes the whole Machine of his Forgery upon his own Head. For, saith he, *tho* Dangerfield *pass* for a very honest Man, &c. yet I can assure you, since the King came from Windsor, he has been to kiss His Hand, and has given such a Catalogue of Names, charged with such desperate, bloody, and villainous Treasons, &c.

A Man had been finely serv'd now, that should have made a Lying Match, and laid a round Wager upon this Fellow's Head. Certain it is, that this same Intelligencer could not chuse but be assured, that at the same time all this was false; and yet he has the impudence to make His Majesty Himself concern'd. Had he no body to put his Fables and his Stories upon, but upon the King? Could he not be content to forge an impudent Untruth, but his *Villainship* must be so detestably insolent, as it were to bespeak the Royal Attestation to make it probable? However, I gain one extraordinary Happiness by it, of which I am not a little proud, that I have the Great Exemplar of Justice on my side, to acquit me from so foul a Reproach; to whom I humbly appeal, and at the same time provoke the Engraver of my Monstrosity to do the same. Nay, he goes on, driving the Nail to the Head, and thinking to clinch it o' th' other side: *The Treasons*, quo' he, were so desperate, bloody, and villainous, that when he first heard the account thereof, his Hair stood on End.

He would seem by these Words to be a Person that us'd to be frighted with his own Shadow; but he is too desperate.

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perate a Knave to be so easily scar'd. Some say it was the Devil that stood at his Elbow, to help his Invention, that made his Hair stare: But that can never be neither; the Visit of a dear Friend, such as the Devil is to him, can never be terrible to any Man: Therefore there must be some other Reason why his *Hair stood on end*: I think I have it; His Conscience appear'd to him in the ghastly shape of Treason and Murder, mantled with Perjuries and High-Treasons, with a Glory of Hell-fire encircling her Brows; and that put him into a terror for a while: but it seems he had a Charm, and sent her packing with a vengeance; for he has no sooner done with one Lie, but he begins another immediately.

For my part, saith he, *I am of the Church of England established by Law*. Which if he be, I durst be bound to do Penance with *Nebuchadnezzar*. He of the Church of *England*! Rather of some of those *West-India* Congregations that worship the Devil. No Man can believe him to be of that Church, of which no sooner has he professed himself a Member, but he presently divests it of the true Character of *Christianity*: For, saith he, *I am of the Church of England, yet have the Charity to be concern'd, &c.* As if *Charity*, without which there can be no true Religion, were not a thing usual in the *Church of England*; only he had pick'd up a little by the bye. Truly the *Church of England* is very much honour'd by such a Member. But the Doctrine and Practice of the *Church of England*, I hope, is too well known, to be canker'd by such a polluted Gangren as he. They say, indeed, that Persons infected with the Plague are still desirous to infect others; and this, I make no doubt, was the reason why he professed himself to be of the *Church of England*:

For,

For, thinks he, if I could persuade the World, that the Members of the *Church of England* were without *Charity*, *Liars*, and *Forgerers*, like himself, what a fine Church would he make of it? And thus you see how he levels his *Porcupine Quills* at all, in particular, in general; here, there, and every where; as if he thought that Scab of himself were sufficient to Leprosie the whole *Church of England*.

But wherein does his *Charity* consist? Why, in being concern'd to see how that *subtile Emissary*, that true Emblem of his Lord and Master *Shaftsbury*, who is certainly a *Papist* in his heart, gulls and leads you poor unthinking *Fanatics* about by the *Noses*.

One would think a Person of so much *Charity*, a Man of more *Charity* than all the *Church of England* beside, might have reserv'd about the quantity of half a *Scruple* for me too, and not in the midst of all his *Charity* have shewn himself so transported, and in such an agony of raving and railing: And all this to usher in a Lie, as long as from *Dan* to *Beersheba*, spun up with a great deal of curiosity and study, and yet not worth the while: It being impossible for a Lie of such a magnitude to continue long conceal'd. For Lies of this sort, like *Fire-works* thrown in the middle of the *Street*, spend themselves with a *Bounce*, and do no more mischief. And thus it is a strange thing that I should have been all this time *inflaming the Nation*, and putting all into *Mutiny and Confusion*, and no body hear of it. Nay, I am persuaded, that had this same Lie-framer known it himself, he would not have been sparing to have given a piece of *Intelligence* so conducing to the Nations safety and my Ruine.

In the Conclusion, he says, *he cannot give any account of*
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the Particulars of this Hellish Design. Hereby the Devil may see what a great care he ought to take, and what a Watch to set over that Creature Man. Here is a little Conjuror, that has been using his Art, and summoning from the Infernal Regions a whole Squadron of Lies, to assail my Reformation; and the active Hobgoblins are busie at work: when on a sudden out drops an unwary bit of Truth from the mouth of their Master, and then they all vanish; as our Grannams of old us'd to tell us, the Devil was wont to take his Heels upon the recital of a *Gloria Patri*, or a Dose of Holy Water. For now he is plain with all, and tells the World, *he cannot give any account of the Particulars of this Hellish Design.* Where I shall leave the Fool groping in the dark, desiring him nevertheless, That when he has met with his Tinder-box, struck a Light, and overtaken the Particulars which he is hunting after, he will be so candid as not to conceal the least Tittle of his Knowledge, to the end he may in some measure acquit himself from being those three things, which otherwise I must needs take him to be; that is to say, a *Liar*, a *Fool*, and a *Knave*.

F I N I S.